




notes from under the filing cabinet



Chaz
 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/2007-11-27> 15:20:00

MOOD: 😊 thirsty



MUSIC: The Human League - Only Human (what am I, in an elevator here?)

Would you believe that spirulina/broccoli smoothies with apple juice and wheat grass are actually not half bad? I felt kind of daring on the way in this morning, so I tried that new yuppie go-juice place, and was pleasantly surprised. Other than that, I'm still pretty much living on Naproxen (nom nom nom, Aleve is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy, or something) and the bruise on my left side looks like I was the centerpiece of an Explodaphone concert. Maybe I should just get black-and-blue tattoos all over my body.

It could have been worse, though. I could have cracked a rib. Then I wouldn't be climbing tonight.

And I really want to go climbing tonight.

And then I can go home and consume the enormous pot of chili verde I made yesterday. The whole apartment still smells faintly of roasting peppers.

If you guys aren't busy tonight,
 [trollcatz](https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/) (<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>), and
 [Ometotchtli](https://Ometotchtli.livejournal.com/) (<https://Ometotchtli.livejournal.com/>), you could come over and help me eat some of it. There are beans and brown rice and tortillas to go with.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

65 comments



 **Ometotchtli**


November 27 2007, 20:37:03 UTC COLLAPSE

You need help eating?

What, did the file cabinet knock your teeth out?

Excellent! You can drink another of those THINGS you had this morning. I'll come eat your chili.



 **trollcatz**

November 27 2007, 20:47:44 UTC COLLAPSE

Why would anybody drink grey-green sludge, I wonder?



 **Ometotchtli**

November 27 2007, 20:50:40 UTC COLLAPSE

Dude, have some chocolate cake. Very healthy stuff. Contains, uh, *cake*.



 **cvillette**

November 27 2007, 20:54:05 UTC COLLAPSE

You are a walking Bill Cosby routine, you know that?

Fortunately, it's from back when he was funny.



 **Ometotchtli**

November 27 2007, 20:58:59 UTC COLLAPSE

A man who used to understand dessert, shilling for Jell-o. Gawd, that's sad.



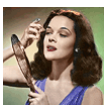
 **cvillette**

November 27 2007, 21:01:01 UTC COLLAPSE

It's a perversion, it is.

He was funny on Martha Stewart, though....

Oh, god, did I just admit that? (She does cooking segments. I'm sorry. I watch to mock.)



 **Ometotchtli**

November 27 2007, 21:11:41 UTC COLLAPSE

Also, your porn collection consists entirely of episodes of *Nigella Bites*.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:12:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And yours is all Ming Tsai.

What's your point?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:32:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Mmmm. Ming.

I would lick black bean garlic sauce off his chopsticks.



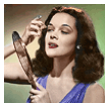
 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:34:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

MY EYES!

...do you suppose he has a sister?

(Dammit, she couldn't have dumped me on Friday? Duke is still bouncing around the bullpen with a self-satisfied smirk.)



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:14:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If she'd dumped you Friday, honey, you'd have been off your game on Saturday and Sunday. Which might have been the end of your game.

This has been your automated reminder about How Shit Could Be Worse.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:19:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

My little ray of sunshine.

It takes more than a girl to put me off my game. *john wayne voice*

(am I fooling anyone?)




 [trollcatz](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:28:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If you had a dog, you would probably fool the dog. But you don't have a dog.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:30:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'll just put this gun in my mouth now....



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:38:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

...

...don't like. Ick. Not think about.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:39:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

sorrysorrysorrysorrysorry

Probably not a good night for picking on Chazzes. Tell you what, I'm going to bed.
See you tomorrow?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:43:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

'night, Platypus.

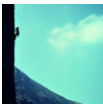
Glad you're here.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:43:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

whut she said.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:40:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, I suck. :-P



 [trollcatz](#)


[November 29 2007, 00:22:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I know it's way too damned late for this, but can I tell you what I really think?

John Wayne was an actor.

You're the real thing.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 29 2007, 00:28:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You know, I *can* grovel some more if you want. You don't have to forgive me all at once.

(but I won't mind if you do.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 29 2007, 00:43:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Please don't grovel, Platypus--it makes me sad. And I would forgive you, but I don't have anything to forgive you for, so I'll have to save that up on the off chance you actually need it.

I really will try very hard in future not to eat your food, then turn around and kick you. Even by accident.

And now I will stop being so damned serious and earnest, because I'm afraid it makes you itch.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 29 2007, 00:50:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

pals?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 29 2007, 00:52:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You got strange taste in friends, man, but...

...4evR.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 29 2007, 00:58:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Did not mean to make you feel bad, k? I'm kind of a bad friend sometimes.

Anyway, designated mourning time for a fourteen-day relationship has long elapsed.




 [trollcatz](#)

[November 29 2007, 01:05:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Phoo. Official maximum period stated in the handbook is six months regardless of duration.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 29 2007, 01:23:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Nah, it's 10% of duration of relationship....



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 27 2007, 20:39:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Only if we climb first. I'm not hauling one of your dinners up that wall with me, man.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 20:48:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

definitely climb first. party after.

there could be beers.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 27 2007, 20:51:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Does pumpkin ale go with chili verde? If so, I've got that covered.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 20:54:28 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Is there anything pumpkin ale does not go with?




 [trollcatz](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:00:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Let me think No.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 27 2007, 20:44:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And also, climber's M&Ms, huh? Share some with Mom. She keeps doing that really careful upwards movement with her shoulders.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 20:50:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Mom needs to get a scrip, man. And start seeing a massage therapist.

Oh god, that's right. She was the person who hauled the damned thing *off* me. After Duke and the Cowboy re-distracted the unsub and Lau did the bulletproof thing.

Ow.

Poor Mom.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 27 2007, 20:57:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hey, d'you think she'd be offended at a Hanukkah present from non-Hanukkists? We could get her a certif. for a six-pack of therapeutic massage.

Huh. Which she would put off getting because, you know, she's needed and she can look after herself later.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:02:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If we had already spent the money? And we pointed out that being fit would make her more effective at her job?

...Todd could make her go. He's a good noncom.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:05:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Do your duty, sergeant!



 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:04:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Y'know? It was the Monty Python "How Not to Be Seen" skit. Only not with shrubbery.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:18:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Right. MORATORIUM.

NO MORE INVISIBLE UNSUBS.

Okay. He wasn't really invisible.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:19:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No. Just more like really uninteresting.

...Willie Loman as serial killer.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 28 2007, 01:07:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Also, independent testing suggests that filing cabinets are no more effective than shrubbery, and have an only slightly less catastrophic failure mode.

(As in, at least it didn't blow up.)



 [cvillette](#)

[November 28 2007, 01:30:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Well, if it had been properly loaded, with files in the bottom two drawers...

(ow)

Also, I think I deserve some credit for sending a 5.9 with a map of gibraltar on my ribcage



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:26:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You were crankin', bro. That traverse was was a thing of beauty.

And afterward, you had to be pretty needin' the naproxen/beer combo. (Used with caution, alcohol as an enhancer to analgesics is very effective. And you were under the supervision of a former paramedic. *g*)



 [cvillette](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:31:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If by "thing of beauty" you mean I recovered that barn door.

Holy shit, woman, what did you put in my beer?



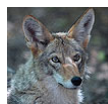
 [trollcatz](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:32:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No, the other traverse, you git--the one on which you did not flap like a flag outside a VFW hall. The one in which you weren't counting on growing another arm.*g* The pretty one.

There's *pumpkin* in your beer, and I didn't put it there.

You are on your...fifth? Fifth, though. I think.



 [cvillette](#)


[November 28 2007, 04:35:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Um7th.

You missed two. Trisha's driving, right?

Pretty? Yah right.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:41:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No, I know now about the ones that feel all grinchy and aren't. I bet that one felt kludged. But from below, it was all, "Oh, of course. Right there, like that. Huh."

It was pretty.

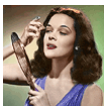


 [cvillette](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:42:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, I was totally making that up. I can't *reach* with this damned bruise. Or turn.

It was like a time machine back to when I really sucked.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 27 2007, 20:47:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Meanwhile, *why* are you listening to Human League?



 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 20:48:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It was on the Cowboy's radio a little while ago.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 27 2007, 20:53:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Okay, eeeuw. Or is that just me?

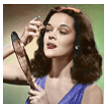


 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:03:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's okay. I overruled him and put on Stew.

The strap-on song, fortunately, did not come on while Dad was in the bullpen.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:08:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

!!!!<3!!!!

Dad pretends not to listen to the lyrics. but yeah right.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:11:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yes, it's true, even Stephen Reyes makes me look hopelessly vanilla...

...you girls are BREAKING ME.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:35:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No, sweetie, noooooo! Just *bending* you a little. *g*



 [cvillette](#)

[November 27 2007, 21:35:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

whimper

Vanilla is the king of spices, dammit.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 28 2007, 01:02:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

While you creepy lifeforms were crawling up walls...

I made brownies.

Gooooooooood ones.

I bring.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 28 2007, 01:30:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Whaddaya know?

Pumpkin ale goes with brownies.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 28 2007, 01:46:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Cutest mo of the night: Chaz curled around his beer on the tatty old blue velour sofa, holding a bag of frozen pork pot stickers to his elbow, while explaining to all and sundry how to make a perfect omelet.

You're drunk, bro. And I'm warblogging it.



 [cvillette](#)


[November 28 2007, 01:48:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Put my laptop down and nobody has to get hurt.

(Also, I can has iPhone. SO THERE.)

And I was out of frozen peas.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:18:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Spot on about the omelet, though. that really is how.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:23:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Two eggs, not three. Water, not milk. Butter, not oil. Don't flip until the edges congeal.

For fuck's sake, people, this *is not difficult*. I mean, it's not like I'm asking you not to screw up a souffle or something.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 28 2007, 04:50:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

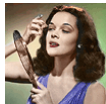
A Chaz foodrant is a glorious thing. I think the first one I ever heard you do was on coffee.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 28 2007, 12:30:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, and does it stop Brady from sticking the beans in the freezer every time my back is turned?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 28 2007, 14:58:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

People with impulse control issues are impervious to reason.

Oooh, I spelled "impervious" correctly before noon.

[locked] [Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here](#)

[anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet](#)
[puppets. Scary.](#)